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FOES IN AMBUSH.

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A. Author of "The Colone," Daughter," "Marion's Faith."

> Coveright, 1802, by Charles King. CHAPTER VIII.-CONTINUED.

It was Fanny who first recovered her self-poise. Throwing back the hanging curtain at

the side, she called aloud:
"Mr. Wing, come to us! He's conscious."
The next instant the slow motion of the censed, the door was wrenched open. and there in the glowing sunshine stood the tall sergeant whom he last had seen when secution through Picacho Pasa. "Bravo. Lieutenant! You're all right.

though you must be in some pain. Can you standa little more? We're close to the caves now, cool water and cool shade not five hundred vards abead." "How did you get here, sergeant?" Drum-

mond questioned. "Where are the others?" Followed on your trail, sir. Private Pike and L Most of the men are gathering up prisoners and plunder. You've made the grandest haul in all the history of Arizona. I got up enly just in time to see the charge, and Pike's on his way back already with the good news. We are taking you and the ladies to e refuge in the rocks where Morales and all his people have hid so long. Old Moreno, with a lariat around his neck, is showing the way." "Got him, did you? I'm glad of that. There was another-a deserter from my troop; did

ou see anything of him?"
"I haven't heard yet, sir. One thing's cerain, old Pasqual is with his hopeful brother in snother if not a better world. 'Twas he that killed poor Chester, the worst loss we've met. Not a man is hit, and by daybreak to-morrow Dr. Day from Stoneman will be here to straighten you out, and these young ladies father here to thank you."

Thank you, Mr. Drummond? Ah, how ear he or I ever begin to thank you and your brave fellows half enough? I had lost all hope until that disguised bandit suddenly leaped from the wagon, and Ruth was swooning again, but she heard your voice before I did. 'Twas she who saw your charge.'' And Fanny Harvey's lips quivered as she spoke, and the voice that was so brave at the slego became weak and tremu-

Drummond closed his eyes a moment. It was all too sweet to be believed. His right hand, to be sure, refused to move, his left stole up and began groping back of his head.
"May I not thank my nurse?" he said. "The

first thing I was conscious of was her touch But the hands that were so eager, so active

when their patient lay unconscious, seemed to shrink from the long, brown fingers searching blindly for them, and not one word had the maiden vouchsafed. "I heard your voice a moment ago, Ruthle

Can't you speak to me now?" he asked, half chiding, half laughing. "Have you forgotten your friend Jim Drummond and the long. ong talks we used to have on the Newbern? Forgotten Jim Drummond and those long talks indeed! Forgotten her hero, her soldier! Hardly. Yet no word would she speak. "The little lady seems all unstrung yet, Lieutenant. Miss Harvey will have to talk for her. I fancy." And Wing's clear, handsome eves were raised to Miss Harvey's face as he spoke in a look that seemed to tell how much

he envied the soldier who was the object of such devoted attention. "Shall we move shead? The others will join us later on." But when a few minutes later strong arms fited the tall Lieutenant from the wagon and ore him to a blanket-covered shelter in a doen rocky recess where the sun's rays seemed rarely to penetrate, and a cup of clear, cool water was held to his lips. Drummond's one available hand was uplifted in hopes of capturing the ministering fingers. There was neither difficulty nor resistance. It was Sergeant Wing's gauntlet, and Wing's cordial voice again accosted him.

"Glad to see you so chipper. Lieutenant. time to-morrow, but I can set that arm just as soon as I have looked the ground over and disposed of ourselves and our prisoners to the best advantage."

"How many prisoners have we?" asked Drummond.

Well, as yet, only Moreno and his interest ing family and two of their gang, who are very badly wounded. Some of the others were meither prompt nor explicit about surrender-ing, and the men were a trifle impatient in one or two cases. You should hear the old woman profesting to Miss Harvey her innocence and her husband's spotless character You understand Spanish, do you not?"

"No, only the smattering we pick up at the Peint and what 'bronco' Spanish I have added to it. Where did you learn it, sergeant? They tell me you speak it like a native."
Wing's sunburned face—a fine, clear-out, and manly one it was—seemed to grow a shade or two redder.

"Oh, I have spoken it many years. My boyhood was spent on the Pacific slope. Parden ma sir, i want to look more carefully after your injuries now."

"But the ladies, where are they?" asked Drummond, unensily.

"Occupying the sanctum sanctorum, the insermost shrine among the rocks. This is a wooderful shot, it. Wa might eventually have "No. only the smattering we pick up at the

But the ladies, where are they?" asked Drummond, uneasily.

"Occupying the sanctum sanctorum, the inbernest shrine among the rocks. This is a wonderful spot, sir. We might eventually have started these people out if once they got here, but ten determined soldiers could hold it spainst ten hundred. I've as yet had only a glaze, but the Morenos have been here before, it is most evident, for the senorita herself showed hiss Harvey into the cave reserved for the women. There they have cool water, cool, and completes shelter."

As with experienced hands the sergeant stripped off Drummond's hunting shirt and carefully exposed the bruised and accrated arm and shoulder, he plied his patient with questions as to whether he felt any lateral pain or sorciess. "How a man could be fastened out and rolled over by such a wight and not be mashed into a jelly is what test understand. You're about as elastic as least understand. You're about as elastic as least understand. The saved you from worse fate. For segot a battered head a broken arm, and and the heatth knocked out of you, and that's about all. But we'll have you on your feet by the time the fellows come from Stoneman."

But how about the young ladies?" again asked Drumend, wearily and anxiously, for his head was still heavy and paintul and his sheet, great. He was weak, too, from the sheet, won't they suffer meantime?"

Well, they might—at least Miss Ruth, the younger, might in the reaction after their learnil axperience; but I'm something of a doctor. I said and I can prevent all that."

How?"

Well, by giving her something to do, Just soon as they've had a chance to rest, both young ladies will be put on duty. Miss Ruth to nurse you."

soon as they've had a chance to rest, both roung ladies will be put on duty. Miss Ruth

Suppose she doesn't want to?"

The case isn't supposable, Lieutenant, She Suppose size doesn't want to?"

The case isn't suppossable. Lieutenant. She would alve gone into hysterics this morning. I think had she not been detailed as a prevalive to hold your head. At all events, she calleted down the instant she was told to climb late the wagon again and sit still as a mouse and see that your face was kept cool and moist and staded from the glare."

Bergeant Wing's lips were twitching with marriment, and Drummond, hardly knowing how to account for his embarrassment, asked so more. It is amateur surgeon, however, thatted blithely on.

There's an abundant store of provisions here dried meat, frijoles, chille, chocolate. You shall have a cup in a moment. There's ammunition in plenty. There's even a keg of mescal which, saving your presence, sir, as I am temporary commander, shall be hidden frisoners. There's bariey in abundance for horses and mules, water to drink and water to bathe in.

Brammend looked curiously about him so

by where.

Drumme nd looked curiously about him so are was possible without moving his painsficken head. He was lying in a deep recess a some dark and rocky canon whose sides were vertical walls. Tumbling down from the wooded heights above, a rare sight in Arizons.

"Giad to see you so chipper. Lieutenant.

Now, I have some little knowledge of surgery.

"Halted down at the edge of the plain, sergeant. That's where they struck water first, and you're badly shocked and bruised. I have no doubt the surgeon will be with us by this o the south. Horses played out probably."
"Anything to be seen across the valley along

"Anything to be seen across the valley along the trail we came?"
"Nothing sir: not a puff of dust. But here's something I don't understand—off here in the range south of us, well up toward the top."
"What's that?" asked Wing, dropping the coil of inrist he held in his hand and looking quickly up.
"Well, it's more like signal smoke than any-

well, its more its signal smoke than anything class. Just exactly such smoke as we have seen in the Chiricahua and Catarinas and — Well, just come up here with your field glass if you can, servant. I believe there's an answer to it way down to the southeast, rother side of the valley.

In an instant Wing turned. "Sorry for you, Senor Moreno," he grimly muttered. "But as only two men are with me and both are engaged, il in the but the server you light." It is not not be well and the server of the company of the

ever stopping to saddle, he leaped upon the

where is wing? Any of the men coming back?

"Wing has gone down the valley, sir. Some of our fellows, two or three only, were coming back, but they didn't come fast enough to suit him. The ambulance will be here in a minute or two-it's just below us down the cahon."

Indeed, almost at the moment the click of iron-shod hoofs was heard, and the dejected mule team came into view around a jutting point, the dingy yellow ambulance jolting after them, one soldier in the driver's seat handling the reins, the other riding behind and leading his comrade's horse.

"Come up here to the mouth of the cave, Merrill." cailed the Lieutenant. "You can unhitch and unharness just beyond; but I want that safe unloaded and put in here."

"The safe's gone, sir."

"The safe's gone, sir. We never got it. That's what took Sergeant Wing off down the valley. I reckon. I supposed you knew it, sir, and him, too, but he didn't. Those Morales fellows got away with it on burro-back while we were chasing the white wagon.

For a moment Drummond stood astounded.

"Man alive!" he at last exclaimed. "why was not told of this? Get me a horse at once, Walsh." he ordered. "I'll take l'atterson's. You two remain here and see that that old scoundred don't get loose—Moreno thero—and that no harm befail the ladies. I'll ride down after Wing."

"Oh, Mr. Drummond, you must not think of going," exclaimed Miss Harvsy. "You're far too soriously hurt, far too weak, to attempt such a thing. Please lie down again. Surely Mr. Wing will do all that any man could do to recover the safe. All the others are in pursuit. They must have overtaken them by this time. Come: I am doctor now that he is away. Obey me and lie still."

Drummond's one available hand found itself clasped by warm. slender fingers. He would have drawn it away and striven to carry out his design, but a ginnee at his two troopers told him that they plainly and earnestly advocated Miss Harvey's view of the case. He was in no condition to make the attempt. And at the moment too, even as he strove to re

and every other item that should have occupied his thoughta.

"Why, Ruthie, is this you? How you have grown!"

And then the imprisoned hand was released only to be transferred to the clasp and keeping of another. In her fear that her knight, her soldier, would leave them, and, wounded thougs he was, insist on attempting to follow his men in their pursuit, the shyness of maidenhood was forgotten. Buth had seized and clasped the leng, brown fingers, and Drummond forget for the moment all thought of quitting her presence for the field.

And then having, as she supposed, won her point, and having, as she supposed, won her point, and having caught the new light in his admiring eyes, it became necessary to struggle for the release of the hand she had so unhessitatingly used to detain him. This might have proved a difficult matter, judging from the expression in Drummond's face, but for a sudden half from l'atterson.

"Can the Licutemant some up here a moment? There's something going on down there I can't understand."

Old Moreno, whose bonds could not restrain his shifting, glittering eyes, glanced quickly upward. Then, as he caught a menacing look in the sunburned face of the Irish trooper, Walsh, he became as suddenly oblivious to all earthly matters beyond the pale of his own physical woes. Now it was Ruth's hand that would retain its clasp and Drummond's that was again struggling for release. In a moment the Lieutenant stood under Patterson's perch. "Wint did you see! What was it like! How far away?"

"Six or seven miles, sir. The valley is broad and open, and three of our fellows were riding slowly tack on the wost side, while Wing was galloping as though to meet them, and when they weren't more than a mile alart Wing's horse went down—looks no bigger than a black speck—and the other three shored off away from the rocks on this side and seemed to be scattering apar."

The words were low spoken so as to reach only his ear. Now it was no easy scramble

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years, has been a crank on the subject since he was 10 years of ance, eighteen years ago. Just ten years back he made his first search for the lost gold mine, taking the hidden of the lost gold mine, taking the hidden to the lossility of the mine, and it was necessary to find it on account of the lack of water in the descrit. With the aid of an Indian, who was informed that Mollus was hunting mountain sheep, the spring was found in a little onsis covering about a quarter of an acre of terturned to Los Angeles with the determination of resuming his search on the first one of resuming his search on the first one had not been considered to Los Angeles with the determination of resuming his search on the first one had not been considered to the search of the first one had not been considered to the search of the first one of the search of the first one had not been considered to the search of the first one of the search of the search of the first of the lost of the search of the first of the search of the search

HERO TALES OF IRELAND

Collected in the Original Irish from the Lips of Irish Story Tellers.

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THE PORTY-FIFTH TALE.

Baranotr, Son of a King to Erin, and the Daughter of King Under the Wave. There was a King in Erin long ago who had

twelve sons and twelve daughters. As the King's lands were small and his family very large it troubled him to provide for it. "If I try to give portions to my children there will not be enough for them all, and I'll have nothing for myself," thought the King. With that he went to his old druid and asked:

What am I to do with twenty-four children. and I a poor King?" "It is better for you," said the druid, "to marry the eldest daughter to the youngest son, and so on till they are all married." The King went home and, calling his twelve

sons, told them the advice of the druid. "Well," said the youngest son, whose name was Baranoir, "I will never do the like of that. I will go out to seek my fortune, and travel Off he went next morning, and was walking

for a long time, walking day after day till what should he see going down with the river but a woman's hair, and it shining like gold. "I will take that beautiful hair," said Bara-noir. He sprang into the river and caught the hair. The moment he touched it he was in love. "I'll never stop," said he, "till I find the woman from whose head that hair fell." He put the hair in his bosom, and walked on

till be came to a King's castle. Baranoir was received at the castle and found good cheer in it. Toward evening he took the hair out of his bosom, looked at it. and began to weep, so deeply was he in love. The king, seeing this, walked up to him and put his hand on the hair. That moment the

King was as deeply in love as Baranoir. "I put you under bonds," said the King, "not to sleep two nights under the same roof till you bring me the woman from whose head that hair fell."

Away with Baranoir next morning, not knowing which road would be take or where would be go. He travelled on for a long time till he saw four men on the road and a coffin between them; four other men were out before them, and whenever the first four tried to advance, the second four fell on them and were

"Why do you act so?" asked Baranoir. "Why do you stop these men with their coffin?" One of the second four answered: "The man who is dead in that coffin owes us five pieces of gold, and we will not let him be buried till the money is paid to us." "Will you be satisfied if another pays it in

the place of the dead man?" "It is equal to us who pays," said the man.

so we get our money." Baranoir paid the four men, who went away and left the other four with the coffin. The King's son travelled on now without money. for the five gold pieces were all that he had. He was travelling and walking, making his way as he could one day after another, till he came to a river, and there he saw a man fish-

there is no one in this castle but the saven kings of cliencist: that one week we are able and the property of the property of

Sing" som travelled on now without money for the five good pieces were all that he had lie was travelling and waiting making his the had lie was travelling and waiting making his man to a trive, and there has sew man flating. He spoke to the fisherman, and asked when the world he had not had to the had not ha

THE END OF THE PORTY-PIPTH TALE.

No Great Room for Scandal in the Case of

The news that smuggled goods supposed to have come from the United States man-of-war Kearsarge have been seized at Norfolk revives an old subject of scandal. There is a strong feeling in the navy that officers and men on board the vessels of the navy should be perlong as the value of such article is not great enough to make their free admission a source of any considerable loss of revenue to the Government. Men and officers argue plausibly enough that since the ships of the navy are already so closely packed with the things they must necessarily carry, there can hardly be room for such quantity of foreign merchandise as would cut an important figure in the Custom House or in the commercial transactions of the country Every square inch of available room in nearly all parts of the ship is occupied by her belongings or needed for the convenience and comfort of men and officers in moving back and forth, so that it is true that no great bulk of merchandise could be stowed without inconveniencing somebody to the point of rebellion. On the other hand officers and men are for the most part not rich enough to buy precious stones and like smail articles of high value. It is true, however, that officers and men are for the most part not rich enough to buy precious stones and like smail articles of high value. It is true, however, that officers and men do pick up curies of one sort or another on their visits to foreign countries, and doubtless many of these things come in tree of duty. An officer returning from the China station some years ago brought a package for a brother officer who was not then coming home, and was required to pay \$100 duty on its contents. It has long been tacitly understood that eigars and liquors bought abroad by officers of a United Statos man-of-war may be brought into purt free of duty. The theory, doubtless, is that such things are purchased for consumption aboard ship, and, as supplies of the voyage, are not properly dutable. That is true as to the great bulk of such articles. Wines, liquors, and cutzars for the ward room are usually bought abroad. It is cheaper usually to lary champagne and other expensive French whee in the West Indies or almost anywhere eise than in the United States, and of course first-rate cigars are cheaper in Havana, for example, than here. Nearly all naval officers who should be found in the United States and the officer cruising in the West Indies expects shortly to be stationed in the United States shortly to be stationed in the United States shortly to be stationed in the United States shortly from the ward room store. He gets them a good deal cheaper than he could how them at home, and there who should figure in the Custom House or in the commercial transactions of the country Every square inch of available room in nearly all parts

It Made Him Think of Something. Turning from Nineteenth street into Broad-

way was a big truck loaded high with bales of Two or three of a number of men and toys who had been halted on the crossing by the passing truck pulled little bunches of hay the passing truck pulled little bunches of hay from the load as it passed, aimlessly, as people do under such circumstances. Among those standing there, however, was a inery dressed old genteman wearing a troud-brimund soft hat, who seemed to regard the hay with somewhat more of interest than did the others. This hay was pressed in bules almost as solid as theeks of wood; it was very different from the fragrant, feathery load that comes up from the field to be pitched into the hayloft, but it was hay; and this old gentleman plucked a wisp of it as it passed and set his teeth upon it with systems.